plumb line, and the old rock dumps showed they wasn't due by nater'. It kinder struck me that I had run onto sumthin' that no white man had ever seed, and I tried ter push the bresh away from the first cave so I could git in but 'twent thick are all I could see in, but 'twas thick, an' all I could see was that 'twas a toluble big room there in the hill, with little heaps of sumthin' scattered on the floor. I wanted plenty of light in there, so I went back ter camp after my hatchet to cut away the bresh. They ain't no varmints on the lesert that a man need be afeared of, but a place like that is purty likely to be full of rattlers. Well, I cut away the bresh and made it good an' light in there an' stepped in. It was a biggish sort of room cut into the hill, an' I seed right away that it had been done by men. The floor was covered with a fine dour dust about six inches deep, like worm You've b'en in a room 'fore now that has b'en shut up fer years an' years, an' seed the furniture an' floor all covered with dust as light an' fine as flour. Well, that's the way 'twas there, only it must hav' took hundreds of years for that much dust to gether in a place like

A PILE OF HUMAN BONES. "I took a stick an' begin to poke around in the dust on the floor, an' about the first thing I struck was a pile of bones. I thought right away that 'twas a old varmint's den, but I made two or three more swipes with my stick an' God A'mighty, sir, I turned over two or three men's skuils an' foot bones; yes, sir, dern me, if that floor wasn't jest littered with dead men's bones; dead, I reckon, 'fore this country was ever heerd of. I poked around there an' I turned over the curiestist things in the way of weepons, tools an' sich, that fell to pieces when you handled them. Well, sir, I got kind of a crawly feeling, turnin' over them bones at every step, an' was about to leave the place when I noticed a little heap back in the corner I hadn't touched. went back an' found they was some kind of a queer-shaped retort made of some kind of clay, an', sir, dern me, if in each one of 'em wasn't one of these bricks. As soon as I hefted 'em I knowed they was pure gold. You bet I hustled down to camp, got my haver-sacks and packed the gold down to the spring. I ain't much at guessing at things, but my idy is that them fellers got to quarrelin' over the gold an' fit an' fit tel' every one of 'em was killed. "It was a-gittin' along in the after-noon an' I was dead tired, but I couldn't

wait until mornin' to make a search of the other caves. It was plain to me that an old race of people had b'en a-minin' in the canyon an' I begun to look around fer the ledges an' drifts, as 'twas plain that they was no quartz in the big cave. Well, sir, I found 'em; found 'em in the little caves, and, mister, as I hope some day to go to a better country than this, by the memory of my good old mother I swear to you the rocks were seamed with gold. I went back and camped, intending the next mornin' to stake cut my claims, put up my monuments, sneak out of the canyon an' go an' record 'em, but I changed my mind before mornin'. "If you was to fill that box with gold bricks like these," said the prospector, pointing to a big packing case, "I wouldn't stay another night in that canyon. Why, sir, to think of the sights I saw there that night makes me shiver now. I've fit white men an' red men, varmints an' forest fires, but never sence I've b'en born hav' I had a night like that. The dead men were all around me. I wasn't asleep an' I hadn't tasted a drop of liquor fer weeks. I had laid down with my head on the haversacks, but hadn't gone to sleep when the dead men came out of the caves an' driv me out of the canyon; that's what they did. They danced around me a-wavin' their arms, clackin' their jints an' workin' their bony jaws, an' ever onct in a while some of 'em would make a dive like they was comin' fer me. At the first sign of 'em the burros scuttled fer the bresh. I got my repeatin' rifle, set on the haversacks and emptied the magazine into them grinning devils, but they only clacked their jints louder an' danced harder; ugh, it was awful. I stood it until I felt that my brain was about to snap, then I clubbed my rifle an' started to mow my way up the trail, but, Lordy, I didn't hit nothin' but air. I climbed up the old trail purty nigh to the top of the ridge an' set on a rock with my rifle acrost my lap all night. As soon as it begun ter git day I felt better an' sneaked back to the spring. Everything was jest as I had left it—hadn't b'en a thing teched. I hunted up my burros, packed up the gold an' my kit an' got out of there as fast as the Lord would let me. Where is the canyon? Well, pardner, you find it if you can. Mebbe might change my mind an' come back to it some day, but I wouldn't stay there another night by myself for twenty mil-lion dollars," and with that the old man walked over to the depot with his load of gold, and ten minutes later took the

a famous old mine that was said to have been worked by the Aztecs centuries ago, and was rich beyond compare. Tingman had heard the story many times, but, with others, had classed it with those mythical mine stories that are prevalent in every mining district. When the old man showed him the ancient bricks, however, he believed his tale. At the Lost Horse mine, up in the Morongo mountains, Tingman and his partner, Holland, have a three-stamp mill and are working ore that pays \$30 and upward. The day after the prospector left Tingman went to the Lost Horse and told his partner the story. The McHaney boys were there, and all hands took the matter up, and not less than ten prospecting outfits were arranged for and as many parties sent into the mountains to find the "shut-in canyon." Will Ball, a nephew of the McHaney boys, aged about seventeen years, and a great hunter, had brought into the McHaney ranch a curious old weapon shaped something like a bayonet and covered with hieroglyphics, which he said he had found in a cave in a canyon while out hunting. The boy also told of the spring of water, and so described the place that the McHaney oys were sure it was the Eldorado sought, but when it came to going back to the canyon the boy was at fault. He knew about where in the hills it was, but for the life of him he could not find it again. The McHaney boys, nothing launted, started with the others on a thorough search for the canyon. Tingman and Holland, with their parties, were also searching, but after five weeks' hard work all parties were ready

WORKED BY THE AZTECS.

afloat around Indio and the desert about

For years there have been stories

The McHaney boys are stockmen, and were in the mountains for the purpose of finding grazing land where there was water. One day Jim McHaney was rid-ing through the hills about sundown hunting a spring where he could camp, when his horse struck an old Indian



ALL OTHER

BLOOD

the canyon that fifty men had been hunting for five weeks. Morning only convinced him. There were the caves, the skeletons and the ledges, rich beyond comparison with virgin gold. The rest is soon told. Jim went back to the ranch and got his brother. The two made locations, and before saying a word about their find to any one re-corded their notices in Riverside and San Bernardino counties. "We won't sell a foot of our claims," said one of the boys. "A million dollars would not be a temptation. Why, man, you can't conceive of the richness of the find until you have seen it. We have all the water we need, and the water belongs to us The ore we have already crushed runs up in the thousands per ton, and it is only poor ore with what we have in sight. I am not an enthusiast, but I say to you we have the richest claims ever discovered in California. I don't care whether the ledge goes down or not, the ore in sight guarantees my state

ment. As Bill said when he saw the ledge, "We're millionaires." The boys named their claims the Desert Chief, the Desert Queen, the Chief of the Hills and the Dry Lake Valley. Old mining men who have no interest in the claims whatever say the mines will make multi-millionaires of every man interested. The richness of the mines can be judged from the results obtained from working a few sacks of the ore scraped away from the site selected for sinking a shaft. This ore was packed on burros over to the mill at the Lost Horse and yielded \$952 in gold. Work on the mines will be started at once, and a big mill will be erected in the canyon as soon as the road on which the men are now working will allow its transportation.

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS. Only a Rift.

Only a ray of light When the weather was dim and gray, To glitter across the world, And brighten the face of day, Only a little rift

When the darkness was passing by, But out of the crevice shone The glory of God's blue sky.

Only a parted cloud. When the journey was dark and lone. But out of the crevice gleamed The glory about the throne. Only a ray of hope

When the shadows began to lift, But the wanderer looked, and lo! An angel stood in the rift. Eureka, Ill. Lavender Leaves.

The waving corn was green and gold, The damask roses blown, The bees and busy spinning-wheel Kept up a drowsy drone—
When Mistress Standish, folding down
Her linen, white as snow,
Between it laid the lavender, One summer long ago.

The slender spikes of grayish-green, Still moist with morning dew, Recalled a garden sweet with box Beyond the ocean's clue—
An English garden, quaint and old,
She nevermore might know;
And so she dropped a homesick tear
That summer long ago.

The yellow sheets grew worn and thin,
And fell in many a shred;
Some went to bind a soldier's wounds,
And some to shroud the dead,
And Mistress Standish rests her soul
Where graves their shadows throw
And violets blossom, planted there
In summers long ago.

But still between the royal rose
And lady-lily tall
Springs up the modest beyonder
Beside the cottage wall,
The spider spreads her gossamer
Across it to and fro—
The ghost of linen laid to bleach
One summer long ago.

-Minna Irving, in New England Magazine. "O Traveler by Unaccustomed Ways." O traveler by unaccustomed ways— Searcher among new worlds for pleasures

Art thou content because the skies are And little birds thrill the air with roundelays, And those fair fields with sunshine are

Dost thou not find thy heart's-ease twined with rue, And long for some dear bloom on Earth Some wild sweet fragrance of remembered

I send my message to thee by the stars— Since other messenger I may not find Till I go forth beyond Earth's prisoning

Leaving this memory-haunted world be-To seek thee, claim thee, wheresoe'er thou Since Heaven itself were empty, lacking -Louise Chandler Moulton, in Harper's Magazine.

Memory.

As a perfume doth remain
In the folds where it hath lain,
So the thought of you, remaining
Deeply folded in my brain,
Will not leave me; all things leave me:

Other thoughts may come and go, Other memories I may know That shall waft me, in their going, As a breath blown to and fro, Fragrant memories; fragrant memories Come and go.

Only thoughts of you remain
In my heart where they have lain,
Perfumed thoughts of you remaining,
A hid sweetness, in my brain.
Others leave me; all things leave me:
You remain. -Arthur Symons.

In April-Tide. Be ye in love with April-tide?
I' faith in love am I! For now 'tis sun and now 'tis shower,
And now 'tis frost and now 'tis flower
And now 'tis Laura laughing-eyed,
And now 'tis Laura shy.

Ye doubtful days, oh, slower glide! Still frown and smile, O sky!
Some beauty unforeseen I trace In every change of Laura's face, Be ye in love with April-tide? I' faith in love am I. -Clinton Scollard, in Harper's Weekly,

A Prophecy. Dear, if you and Love and I Lived together all alone, Winter winds would never cry, Winter woodlands make no moan,

We would live the life of birds Nestling in the heart of spring, Speak in song instead of words While the world was blossoming.

We would set Love's peerless pearl
In the flawless gold of truth,
You would always be a girl,
I should have perpetual youth.

-Charles Kennett Burrow.

Philadelphia Telegraph.

A lately discovered letter of Wordsworth's is an excellent specimen of the kind of epistle which most eminent authors are continually called upon to address to aspiring incompetents: "My dear sir," he wrote, "very pressing engagements have prevented me looking over the MSS, you sent me till this evening. Having done so, and remembering your conversation with me upon the subject, it seems unnecessary that I should say more than that the verses in some respects do much credit to their author, and show an easy command of language, and are not deficient in harmony; and the story of the tale, though not having much novelty in it, is agreeable. I mention to you what is apparent enough, that poetry is not much in favor with the public at present, and, therefore, if I thought these specimens of merit much superior to what, candidly speaking, I reckon them to be, I could not feel confident that their publication would be profitable to the writer. I must add, however, on the other side, that, as tastes and fancies are so various, it is impossible to foresee what would or would not succeed." Philadelphia Telegraph.

Mr. Smithers is not a wealthy man. Neither is he a confirmed invalid, nor a man of indolent temperament, yet he B at present away from business, taking the mineral baths at Spencer-and this is how t came about.

"Mamma," he called to his wife, in a weak voice, from the back yard, one evening not long since, "Come out here. I am about played out." Mrs. Smithers was putting supper on the table, and came out on the kitchen porch, fanning her flushed face with the end of a tea-towel. Mr. Smithers had just arrived from his office and stood in the yard, with bald spot shining and perspiration dripping, leaning admiringly against a fine new wheel. He looked guilty, and confronted his astonished wife with a nervous, sickly sort of a smile as the sin-

gle word "bicycle" escaped her. It meant volumes, and Smithers knew it, and began to wither perceptibly in the heat of her burning gaze. As for the lady in question it was a critical situation, but one from which she never dreamed of shrinking. Being president of the "Dress Reform for Women," and an active member of the "Richard Harding Davis" Club, it is not at all likely that the spirited Mrs. Smithers would shrink from any duty, however painful, which would require a steady flow of forceful and eloquent language.

"So you've gone and made a fool of yourself again, have you, Aaron Smithers?" she began ominously. "You've bought a bicycle at the age when a man ought to be sitting by his fireside telling Sunday-school stories to his children. Upon my word, I am ashamed of you, papa. The very idea of a man of your size and dignity astride of such a thing in midair, and then think of the extravagance."

During the above remarks Mr. Smithers had drummed nervously on the crown of his new straw hat and regarded the ground with a critical eye, but, as his wife warmed up to h r subject, he endeavored to assume an air of careless indifference and began, in a defiant manner, to spin the pedals of the questionable machine.

"I suppose," Mrs. Smithers continued sarcastically, and with telling effect, "I suppose I only dreamed of your saying 'hard times' and 'business dull' and 'obliged to lay off men' when I approached you yesterday morning with the request for the very reasonable sum of \$15 with which to purchase my Easter bonnet. Explain yourself, Mr. Smithers. Which request that gentleman proceeded to grant in all haste, after taking mental stock of Mrs. Smithers's fiery eyes and glowing cheeks. "Now, I'll tell you mamma," he began, in a conciliatory manner. He had long

use in getting worked up about this. This thing was a bargain-no doubt of it. I got it at auction for \$15-" "Why papa," broke in his sympathetic but unfortunate young son, who, having taken advantage of his parents' excitement, had, unknown to both, besides having made an exhaustive investigation of the contents of the tool bag, discovered that he

left off spinning the pedals. "There's no

could successfully manipulate the instrument which was used in adjusting the saddle, "You just told me," the boy said in some surprise, "that you paid \$00 cash for it." "Shut up, Freddy," shouted the thoroughly exasperated father, noting his son's

"Shut up, Freddy," shouted the thoroughly exasperated father, noting his son's presence and the michief which he was engaged in, for the first time." "Things have come to a pretty pass," he said, turning fiercely on the offending youth, who stood scowling drearly at his prospects, "when a man is accused of falsehood by his own son. Go to bed, sir, without any supper," he added severely, as the boy walked dejectedly into the house. "Now, mamma," he continued in a gentler strain to Mrs. Smithers, who had not seemed specially impressed either with her son's impertinence or his father's eloquence in the above scene. "I was down at the auction and Jim Jackson told me if I wanted to reduce my weight that this was the very thing to do it. He said that Zimmerman weighed three hundred pounds and was just on the point of closing with a traveling museum manager when he was recommended to try a wheel. See what it has done for him." "Aaron Smithers," said his wife sternly, "you evade the point. You will never learn to ride—never. You will never reduce your weight and you—will—never be countenanced by me in your stark idiocy. I wash my hands of you and your wheel."

Just then a young lady rider, who lived next door, opened the gate and came into the back yard, smilling, and totally unconscious of the nature of the domestic scene on which she was intruding. "Well, Mr. Smithers," she said, "allow me to congratulate you on the good taste which you have displayed. Now when you have purchased a wheel for your wife, I shall respect you as the most sensible man on this street." This coming from an esteemed neighbor and intimate friend, proved too much for the conservative Mrs. Smithers, who, with moistened eyes and a most suggestive bang of the screen door retired to the pantry, and cut a large slice of frosted cake, which she carried to the bedroom of her erring son.

In the meantime a crowd of interested neighbors had collected on the outside.

and cut a large slice of frosted cake, which she carried to the bedroom of her erring son.

In the meantime a crowd of interested neighbors had collected on the outside, around Mr. Smithers and his wheel. "Can you ride yet?" asked one admiringly, as he lifted the wheel to test its weight.

"O, no: I can't exactly ride yet," he replied cheerfully—his self-confidence having returned with his wife's disappearance—"but I hauled this thing all the way from my office and it's the first time I ever touched one. If a person has any muscle, it is easy enough to learn to ride;" he paused a moment to adjust the saddle and remove his coat. "Just come out on the front pavement and I'll show you how to do it." Mr. Smithers was followed out front by the circle of expectant neighbors.

"A person wants to be sure that everything about it is all right," he remarked, as he snapped the orake important., and shook the saddle several times to assure himself that it was perfectly steady. He even rang the bell, just to show them "how it goes, you know."

"Now, it's something like this." he continued, finding a renewed inspiration in the increasing crowd. Here commenced a series of frantic leaps and gyrations, which, though they resulted in nothing more serious than wild lurches of the wheel from right to left, sent a chill to the heart of the most disinterested spectators and caused the president of his life insurance company, who had been viewing proceedings with a speculative eye, from a front window of his residence just across the way, to join the excited group with alacrity.

"You'd orter let some uv them there chaps hold the thing, ef you don't want to bust yer head," suggested an apple peddler, good-naturedly, who had driven his wagon up to the curb, hitherto unnoticed by the rest of the crowd. His words, too, would have remained unheard had it not been for the practiced stentorian tones in which he uttered them. The crowd smiled, and

have remained unheard had it not been for the practiced stentorian tones in which he uttered them. The crowd smiled, and the voice startled even the brave Mr. Smithers, who, however, only shook his head kindly and proceeded. "I guess I didn't have a good hold of those handle bars before. Now you want to grasp 'em firmly—like this—" "Be sure you strike the saddle, Smithers," cautioned a facetious neighbor who had just appeared on the scene—to which Mr. Smithers deigned no reply.

scene—to which Mr. Smithers deigned no reply.

A breathless stillness fell over the crowd as the gentleman made the final leap. He did strike the saddle, and the crowd agreed afterwards that both feet rested on the pedals. He would probably have ridden off successfully (at least Mr. Smithers says so), but lifting his eyes at the critical moment he caught sight of the eager, appreciative face of his youthful son, who sat in partial negligee, eating a large slice of cake and serenely swinging his small hare legs from a second-story window, viewing the proceedings below with great zest. His ardent and unexpected "Go it, pa," shouted from such a dangerous position, evidently unnerved his daring father, for his feet forgot to move the pedals. He sat for one instant, upright and perfectly still, grasping the bats with rigid fingers—then there was a portentous thud, and the portly and highly respectable Mr. Smithers lay helpless, stretched to his full length on the asphalt pavement, from whence he

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You are expected, Without further invitation, to participate in the phenomenal Bargain rampage shown on next Monday. Last week was a busy, of people could not come for the myriads and myriads of bargains that were advertised, and we give the people another chance this week to get a full measure of just as miraculous values—just as unprecedented price reductions. If anything THE BARGAINS NOW ARE EVEN GRANDER THAN EVER, so we dedicate the coming week to the gorgeous splendor of wondrous retailing.

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In variety and beauty beyond anything we've ever shown. Newest of the new; ex-clusive novelties; among the queen of fab-

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20 pieces of Moire Mirror, very wide, and in designs which cannot be duplicated; 75 cents is the price; with us...
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39c 44c 49c 49c 49c

33c

473c

35c

35c

45c

25c Black Goods

CREPON CRAZE Came in yesterday; two lines of newest Black Wool Crepon, blistered grounds; black, glossy, diamond effects push up through the surface. Another has a shiny silk stripe in diagonal effect.

Our collection of Jacquard and fancy Black Goods is the handsomest and most explusive in the city. Here are a few of exclusive in the city. Here are a few of what we've got: 18 patterns of Black Fancy Crepon Novelties, worth 78c, to sell at..... 85c Black Grenadines, \$1.00 Black Grenadine, 38-inch All-Wool Henrietta Cloth,

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Grand exhibit of Easter Dress Goods. This week we have added a great many novelties to our large and varied stock. Novelties of every kind we show, but there is not one which is not within reach of your purse. 62 pieces of 38-inch Novelty Victorias, 25

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PROGNAN PRO	6
Double-faced Silesia, to-morrow	TU
10c Waist Lining at	10
Grass Cloths, yard wide, to run at	71
15c Canvas at	
10c Crinoline at	8
6c best Cambric at	5
10c Wigan at	31
PRICES EVER KNOWN.	. 5

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35 Capes in All-Wool Cloth, new colors; just the thing for these cool mornings; \$1.75 is the price; with we Umbrella Cape in Velvet, Silk-trimmed, 110-inch sweep; \$9.00 is the price; with us......
Silk Waists in all the new colorings and latest cuts out; everybody can be pleased in this department; \$5.50 is the price; with us.... with us ... of the newest, twenty patterns to select price; with us.... Everybody fitted in our Shirt Waists; 65c is

Lace Curtains

The prices on those goods will move them like a sail boat before a March wind, 100 pairs Portieres; \$5 is the price; with us.

200 pairs of Tapestry Portieres; \$6 is the price; with us, per pair.

Japanese Draperies; 30 cents is the price; with us. swiss Draperies; 25 cents is the price; Nottingham Curtains; \$1 is the price; with

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In this department we call your attention to the large assortment of European and domestic novelty creations in Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats. The most skillful milliners are here ready to execute any design or suggest appropriate and becoming Hats and Bonnets.

We display an endless variety of shapes and colors in Untrimmed Hats, including the "Napoleon," and the latest effects in Ribbons, Jets, Ornaments, Velvets, Crepes, Flowers and Ostrich Feathers.

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121c

19c ·

25c

18c

98c

49c

HEARTY RESPONSE. For Fast Black, Seamless Hose, double heel and toes.

For full regular-made Hose, Black and Tan,
20c quality.

For a lot of 35c Richelleu Fast Black,
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sizes. For one case of .25c and 35c Fancy Hose.

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FOUR SPECIALS

For Seamless Vests. 61c For Crochet-finished Vests. 9c For Ladies' Taped-neck Summer Vests.

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Heavy Crash Toweling..... 18-inch Glass Toweling..... 100 dozen extra large Huck Towels.......... Best Turkey Red Damask, 24c; worth 48c. 60-inch White Satin Damask, 24c; worth 50c. Elegant 72-inch Cream Damask, 75c value; 48c 37c Indigo-blue Calicoes..... Turkey-red Calicoes..... Black and Mourning Prints..... 10 soiled Bed Spreads, worth \$1.45, for 5c Good Bed Ticking..... 45c 9-4 ready-made Sheets..... Store Open at 7:30.

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